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Reserve



SPORTS PATTEN AND NEWS

Volume 9, No. 100, February 22, 1945

1ST LT. BILLY H. DOVE

From information received from the Adjutant General's Office, we have learned that Billy died as the result of a gunshot wound received in the American Theater of War.

BIRTHDAYS FEB. 25 THRU MARCH 3

L. Beryl Longnecker*; Joan S. Markland; Bristol W. Chessser; Lynn S. Ludlow*; David R. Scott; Henry S. Williams*; LeRoy S. Hoffman; Mary Frances Hohlfeld; Glenn P. Kiff; Lloyd J. Stubkjaer; Dean F. Coffman*; Edith Denham; Louisan E. Mamer; Margaret B. Merson; Yuma T. Faulk; David D. Barber, Jr.; Joseph T. Glascock; Robert S. Broderick; Charles M. Cox*; Harold Frank Park*

*Military Furlough

10 OR MORE YEARS GOVERNMENT SERVICE

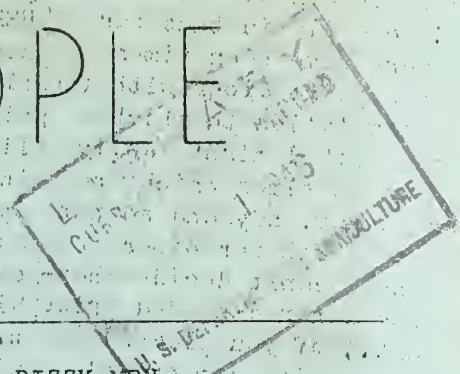
Joan S. Markland, 10 yrs., 7½ mos.
(8 years, 8 months in REA)
Charles M. Cox, 10 yrs.
(8 years, 6½ months in REA)

HIKERS!! MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW

All you hikers interested in attending the first annual party of our club, get your reservations in by Sat. March 3. Call 435 for reservations. There'll be singing, dancing eating and everything else that goes to make a party a success. Remember it's after work at the K. of C. Rathskellar on Olive, just East of Grand.

FOR RENT -- Room suitable for two girls. 2156 Clifton. Call Inez Grace.

PEOPLE



DIZZY, ZIZZY, BIZZY MEN

Oh! Don't be fooled by whizzy men
Who make a lot of flurry,
The verry, very bizzy men
Who rush and dash and hurry,
Who fuss and flounce
And bounce and bounce
And brim and buzz and bustle,
The fizzy sort of bizzy men,
Whose middle name is hustle.

It's not these darting dizzy men
Who keep the world in motion,
The actually Busy Men
Have quite a different motion.
They do not seem
To have much "steam"
At least they never spout it,
But do their work
Get through their work
And don't just talk about it!

So don't be fooled by fizzy men
Who pop with vim unending,
For actually Busy Men
Can't waste their time pretending;
They operate
With calm sedate
Their quiet jobs pursuing
And let the whizzy, fizzy men,
The dizzy, zizzy, bizzy men
Do all the ballyhooing.

Blessed is he who taketh himself seriously,
for he shall create much amusement.
Egotism is the anaesthetic Nature administers
to deaden the pain of inferiority.

"All the world's a little queer but thee
and me--
And times there be when even thee's a little
queer."

WANTED--RIDE TO WORK from 4464 Natural Bridge
Dorothy Poe, Room 1160

BOWLING STANDINGS AS OF FEBRUARY 24, 1945

Team	Won	Lost	Percent	Average	High Game	High Set
Raters	42	18	.700	724	889	2382
Solicitors	40	20	.667	748	863	2485
Radars	39	21	.650	681	870	2472
Kilo-ettes	36	24	.600	642	812	2333
Five Aces	29	31	.483	685	884	2225
Ruralettes	29	31	.483	640	822	2339
Five Deuces	28	32	.467	648	856	2245
Sweater Girls	27	33	.450	633	796	2237
Operators	26	34	.433	680	846	2230
Managettes	25	35	.417	617	752	2128
Administrators	24	36	.400	706	809	2330
Terry's Pirates	16	44	.267	615	770	2215

DIDJAKNOWTHAT

Just around the corner Spring, beautiful Spring, is waiting and D. Cupid with his bow-string taut and his arrows sharpened is lurking in the highway and byways for unsuspecting - but hopeful - swains and lassies. Like our amiable A. Adm. even the Sabbath doesn't deter him when there's work to be done and Feb. 18 must have been a red-letter day for his Nibs (Cupid - not the A.A.A.) as Lois Werner now confesses that she and Waldemar Block have decided to "middle-aisle" and it all happened at vespers in the choir loft between hymns - that's what they were doing during the reading of the Lesson, Tsk! Tsk! The jolly little fellow has also had his eye on one Ethel Lincoln but she has been fleet of foot and Oh! so agile in thus far eluding his darts though there have been times when the thought of fresh new paint along with the Spring housecleaning was a temptation to which a harder hearted damosel than Ethel might easily succumb. But not Ethel, even in times which are almost paintless, she decreed nay, nay and so her knight of the brush must ride forth for other fields to conquer. M. Bohannon can't decide whether to worry more or less for her red-headed pride and joy, R. Eareckson, (S/Sgt., of you please) writes her upon emerging from a nice comfortable fox-hole sans his Gillette but with a flourishing red beard, that he is, and we Quote, now in a comparatively safe place. I say comparatively safe as all Belgium is subject to buzz bombs but that is a minor danger - not half as bad as St. L. Traffic Unquote. Ray must have hit the boulevards at a time when those guardians of some law and little or no order decided both the pedestrian and motorist could look after his own neck for a while as he had urgent and unfinished business with that palsy-walsy who had just whistled from one of the four corners of the intersection and that's where the fun begins. 'Tis every guy for himself and the loser is usually enlightened as to the rules of game only after he has been hit between here and there and possibly had his thought separated from his habits. It must have been a mighty big wind that blew one of St. L's "moderate smoke palls" clear to the East Coast. From an unimpeachable (?) source comes the story that D. C. is now dirtier than St. L. - wannabet? We have with us today one who...meet Dr. Draheim from the Big Top who is attempting to lift us from the sloughs of mediocrity to those plains of higher intelligence via J(ust) M(ore) T(actical) I(nfiltration) and when those chosen few have absorbed this erudition they in turn will pass it down thru the different strata of mentality until each has risen above the lowly level which he didn't know he was enjoying so much until now - meetcha on the last stratum - it's a date. All the boys and girls can be seen romping around with their text and notebooks and T. Wilson, arrayed in a fetching pinafore, was last seen armed with pots, pans, fireless cooker, thermometer, ladle, a handful of beans and a pinch of salt on her way to class where she hoped to show the eleven other little matriculators just what one has to have in the way of I.Q. to fix up a mess of beans for next winter's consumption. W. Ettleman is so wrapt up in it all that already he has adorned his wall with a beautiful chart showing basic elements, manpower (where have we heard about that before) and the elimination of whys and whats and is going to in-

culcate in his acolytes such a desire for higher learning that they will all be on their toes - or his. E. Budde swears she isn't sure whether she's accentuating the negative or positive or just messin' around with Mr. In-between but knows she's messin' with something that's going to be a big help to her - she hopes. Brownie has returned from the East and he wants it distinctly understood that he didn't even see the "Take" on the last get-together of the REAAA. H. O'Brien stood guardian of those funds and wouldn't budge - they just busted Junior's piggy bank. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE; The Beautiful RED CROSS on the second floor to remind us all to do our bit and then a BIT MORE; D. Laughlin much put out 'cause after waiting a year her birthday didn't appear in the gazette - here 'tis Dottie, and Lydia Bartz much put out 'cause they gave her too many birthdays - Personnel, please note; H. Moore and B. Howell of the Fins with their R.S.V.P.'s from their Uncle Sam, Warwick Daniel, who used to be one of the A.P. Diviz pretties, now Mrs. James T. Fisher; at long last Col. Sass with a T.R. for that land of sunshine, sand & fleas--to say nothing of alluring bathing suits; I. C. McLain running a bus service to Jefferson Barracks but not minding too much as son, Sgt. Bob, is once again under the roof-tree; D. Haines from the Liaison Office whipping up a bit of something for the cops in collaboration with Udo Rall; Pat Cratty sporting a flaming orchid; E. Blackburn tres chic in her flaming Roman-striped ensemble; J. Andring with a new cool perm - it had to be cool, it sizzled on Jeanette as it was; all the Fins mighty glad to see G. Moore back at his desk after a serious illness; Mr. Owen Jessup late of our Uncle's Army but has now changed his theatre of action from Sicily to Fin as a T. W.: no evidence of manpower shortage for C. Sutton - three wolves for luncheon is more than one gal's share; R. Blechle taking a rest cure (?) in the metropolis, Cape Girardeau; W. Chilton on the not-so-well list and now in Barnes Hospital; O. Briden out of the hospital and now on the up and up; A. Vardy down at Sho-Me hoping to show-them; Tommy Martin reporting from Australia but wants to get back to the good old U.S.A. --and Mary.

LOST: From ring, small brown cameo. If found, call L. Schmale, Ext. 582

SPAN is published by the REA Athletic Association for employees of REA; F. Speh, Editor, S. Norton, Associate Editor; Signed contributions are welcome and should be sent to F. Speh, Room 1050.

BOWLING (CONT'D)

MEN		WOMEN	
High Ave. - Bullock,	164	Reno,	147
High Game - Adams,	245	Goergens,	209
High Set - Bullock,	581	Reno,	505